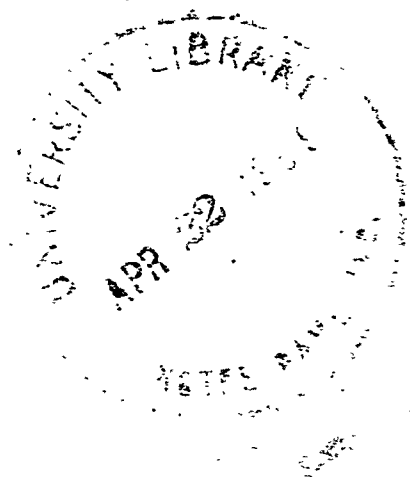
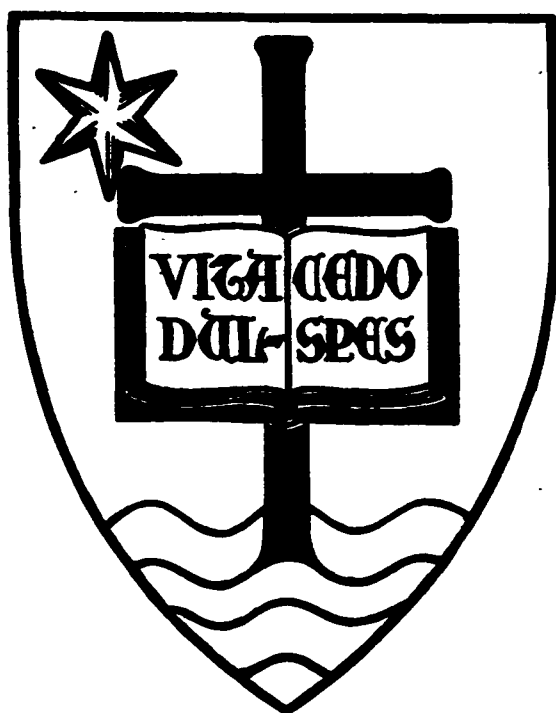


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Duplicate

This book is not to be
taken from the library

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC





WHERE DOES HITLER GO FROM HERE?

After months of studying the original *Mein Kampf*, the Nazi Bible, in the light of current news, the author interprets its true meaning for the world in general and for Americans in particular. He quotes Hitler in support of his conclusions. For a simple key to Hitler's personality, aims and purposes, open your Post this week to page 23 and read—

Blueprint for Hell
by IRA JEWELL WILLIAMS, JR.

2 DIZZY DEBS PANIC A BRITISH FOX-HUNT



It was a nice trap Mrs. Penterby-Cheadle arranged for the debs. "I thought Americans could do anything," she purred. "Why don't you join us in a fox-hunt?"... If you remember what happened when Swing and Audrey "crashed" the Coronation, don't miss this!

View Holloa—
Pronounced
"Holler" by
PAUL GALICO



P.G. Wodehouse INVITES YOU

to an hilarious six-week party at
Blandings Castle
to meet (among others)

Frederick Altamont Cornwallis Twistleton
Fifth Earl of Ickenham

"a man of bright enthusiasms and the fresh, unspoiled outlook of a slightly inebriated undergraduate"

During your visit Mr. W. promises there will be a good deal of utterly nonsensical fuss made over...

THE PIGNAPING OF THAT EMINENT MEDAL-WINNING SOW "The Empress of Blandings"

R.S.V.P. Begin this new serial
on page five of your
POST this week.
"Uncle Fred in the Springtime"



WHY STALIN SHOT HIS GENERALS. Why were the leaders of the Red Army executed? And just when Hitler was supposed to be preparing for war? Now, for the first time, the true story is revealed. By the former head of Stalin's secret service abroad, General W. G. Krivitsky.

"I'D GET MARRIED—EXCEPT FOR MOTHER," Henry said. But can young people in love wait forever? Read this short story by Curlin Reed, *I Don't Know, Son*. On page 18 of the Post.

STRANGE SOS... from a ship's radio operator 19 years old, in love and waiting

to die. Read about it in *Song of Larnock*, by Albert Richard Wetjen.

"I LIKE BEING A PLUMBER!" says Alfred L. Gehri. In *Plumbing's No Pipe*, he shows you why it's a career he'd recommend to young men... **PLUS** articles, short stories, editorials, fun and cartoons.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST 5¢

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Vol. 72

April 21, 1939

No. 22

WILLIAMS PLAYS FOR K. OF C. FORMAL

Tonight is Knights' night out. The annual Knights of Columbus Formal Ball will take place in the Palais Royale ballroom. Approximately 200 couples will dance to the rhythms of Griff Williams and his orchestra, late of Chicago's Trianon.

James Rocap is general chairman of the affair. Dancing will be from 9 to 12 and students must be in their residence halls by 12:30 a.m.

Chairman of the various committees are:

Tickets, Robert Ortale; Music, James Metzler; Patrons, Louis Reiley; Decorations, Thomas Murphy; Arrangements, Edward Grogan; Programs, Thomas Hogan; Publicity, John Cella.

Disputation Postponed

The public philosophical disputation, originally scheduled for next Monday night, has been postponed until May 1st, according to an announcement by Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, C.S.C., head of the undergraduate school of philosophy, who is directing the discussion.

Herman Romberg has been selected as formal defendens to present the thesis. Peter Repetti will conduct the public discussion at the end of the formal disputation. Papers will be given by John McGovern and John Walsh.

All philosophy classes will be dismissed the day of the disputation.

First Spring Dance

Karl Hunn and his orchestra (formerly the Modernaires) will occupy the bandstand of the Progress Club next Friday evening (April 28). Proceeds of the dance—the first spring sport dance of the year—will be given to the campus St. Vincen de Paul Society.

Tickets are on sale in the Vincen-tian's office at 23 Lyons Hall. The price is one dollar per couple. (St. Mary's College students may attend.)

LAWRENCE TIBBETT AND PERCY GRAINGER FEATURE MUSIC WEEK AT NOTRE DAME

By William Mooney



LAWRENCE TIBBETT
Baritone Features Music Week

Each year one week is set aside for nation-wide appreciation of fine music. Locally, it has been the custom to present the musical organizations of the campus, outstanding student musicians and noted professional artists.

Next week the University presents two internationally known artists, Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, and Percy Grainger, composer and concert pianist. Tibbett, generally acclaimed as the greatest living baritone, will be heard in recital, Tuesday evening. He has starred at the Metropolitan Opera House for the last decade, singing the leading roles in all the great operas.

Percy Grainger, long considered the world's greatest pianist, will appear as soloist with the South Bend Symphony Orchestra, Friday evening. Mr. Grainger has spent much of his life investigating native folk-lore melodies, particularly those of England, and his arrangements of these have brought him international fame.

Programs given in Washington Hall are free to the public. Student tickets for the Tibbett Concert are fifty cents. The South Bend Symphony Society invites all students, faculty members, and members of the Congregation of Holy Cross as its guests for the Grainger recital. Admission to this recital is by ticket only—tickets may be obtained without charge at the Athletic Ticket Office. All programs begin at 8:00 p.m.

The Schedule

Monday — Washington Hall — Freshman Linnets

Tuesday — Field House — Lawrence Tibbett

Wednesday — Washington Hall — Glee Club and Symphony Orchestra

Thursday — Washington Hall — Student Recital

Friday — Field House — Percy Grainger with South Bend Symphony

Wranglers Hosts to Prep Orators

Representatives from 17 Catholic high schools throughout Illinois and Indiana will compete tomorrow and Sunday in the Fifth Annual Notre Dame Oratorical Contest. Eliminations will take place Saturday afternoon at 1:30 p.m. in the auditorium of the Law building and Cushing Hall of Engineering. Finals will be Sunday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. in Cushing Hall of Engineering.

Winner of the Wrangler-sponsored contest will receive the Joseph P. McNamara trophy, donated by Mr. McNamara, alumnus and former Wrangler, now deputy attorney general of the state of Indiana. The Indiana school whose representative finishes highest in the tournament will also receive a trophy. Tom Tierney of St. Rita's High school, Chicago, was the winner of last year's contest.

(Continued on Page 22)

FR. MURRAY LOCATES ALASKAN ARTIFACTS

The American Museum of Natural History has just issued a monograph *Archaeology in Central Alaska*, by Dr. Froelich G. Rainey, which describes the field work carried on in Central Alaska by Rev. Raymond W. Murray, C.S.C., head of the department of sociology, during the summer



REV. RAYMOND W. MURRAY, C.S.C.
Digs up old jugs.

of 1937. Working with Dr. Rainey, professor of anthropology at the University of Alaska, Father Murray located the original clay deposits used by the Indians of Central Alaska to make pottery in prehistoric times, near Rampart Rapids, on the Yukon River, not far from the Arctic Circle.

Clay vessels found at the site indicated that the clay had been mixed with chopped bear's hair, moulded by hand, and baked in an open fire. Unfortunately the search for additional artifacts in the near-by hearth-sites was rendered almost impossible by silt deposits caused by unusually high water during the break up of the ice the preceding May. In fact it was only accidentally that the two anthropologists finally discovered unexpected fire-hearths containing very valuable artifacts, just as they were about to abandon their work.

To quote the monograph, "While hunting suitable logs for building a raft in order to float down the Yukon, Father Murray and I noticed another hearth in the river bank about one half mile below. This was also excavated, together with a second hearth found about two meters distant from the first, both lying three to four meters below the surface. They produced 11 flaked stone artifacts and some 75 angular flakes of flint, obsidian, chalcedony, and similar materials." These artifacts, which indicate a technique in stone-working found in pre-Neolithic Asia, are now in the collection of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City which sponsored the expedition.

THE WEEK

By Bill Donnelly

Phenomenon I

The east face of the steeple clock was an hour behind schedule during the latter part of last week and two hours behind the early part of this week. We hear of one fellow who rolled out of bed about ten minutes to nine last Saturday, slipped on enough clothing to protect him from the elements, and whipped off to his nine o'clock class in the Main building. He looked up at the clock as he ran and discovered that it said two minutes to eight. He cursed his ill fortune at losing one hour's precious sleep and began walking slowly and dejectedly back to his room. He looked up to shake his fist at the clock and there on the south side it said two minutes to nine. He didn't know where he was at, but just then the clock began striking and he counted nine distinct bongs. He went whipping off to class again feeling happy because he hadn't lost his sleep after all.

Bottom of the Week

"The rain at Notre Dame, they say, remains mainly at Notre Dame."

Phenomenon II

At approximately 10 p.m. on Friday, April 14, Walter Hagen, Jr. held 13 diamonds, a perfect bridge hand, that comes around once in every several million times. Jake Kovalcik dealt the hand, Walt's partner, Motts Tonelli, cut, and Joe Stubb, the fourth man, is willing to vouch for the validity of the whole thing. It seems that Jake passed and Walter, who didn't have his cards quite arranged yet and still thought there were some hearts in there, bid one diamond. Joe with the A, J, 10, 9, 5, 4 of hearts bid one and Mario bid a spade. Walter, under the impression that a doubled and redoubled grand slam vulnerable counts 6000 points in itself, went up slowly and bid three diamonds. (He still thought there must be some hearts in there somewhere anyhow.) Came around to him again and he finally bid his seven diamonds which were immediately doubled and redoubled as he had hoped. He was still so much in a daze that he began playing the hand out, trumped the heart ace, and led the ace of diamonds. No one noticed that no diamonds fell on it, but some one happened to notice that none fell on the king that followed and Walter, trembling with excitement, laid down his hand. The boys credited him with something like 7410 while, according to our theory of scoring, it should be something like 2910. Oh well, he deserved the 4,500 extra for holding such a hand.

They have been talking about it in Morrissey sub ever since it happened. Some one remarked that you could get five dollars from Culbertson for sending in such a hand attested by all four players. "Gee, we could make a nifty racket out of it," some one else said. We are pleased to report, however, that that fellow was immediately frowned into a corner, squelched with the statement, "Bridge is a gentleman's game."

The Truth of the Matter

Last Saturday's *Religious Bulletin* spoke at length on the wicked fellows who two-time Brooklyn Bessie and South Bend Sue. Not wanting to seem cynical, the picture this brings to our mind is that of South Bend Sue showing the *Bulletin* to one of her South Bend boy friends and giggling with him about the innocent Notre Dame man who is being chided for handing her a line. And then there is Brooklyn Bessie "doing" Coney Island with Jake, skating at the Brooklyn Ice Palace with Alf, strolling through the Prospect Park Zoo with Herman, and "spending many a gay evening among the bright lights of Broadway" with Ferdy who has a job, while her poor Notre Dame fellow, the sap, pines away for her and feels daringly guilty if he says "Thank you" to the Walgreen's waitress who brings him his coke. The shoe, we feel, has been put on the wrong foot.

Public Confession

The Old Infirmary is coming down. That is impressive in itself but it isn't what impresses us most. We hear they have to brace the building up so that they can take it down, because when they started to take it down without having braced it one wall sagged several inches. Now it is well bolstered so they can take it down gradually instead of all at once. But even that is not what impresses us most. It is not even that the purchasing department of the University has been changed to a section of Carroll "Rec" which might be misinterpreted by some people as an indiscreet mixing of business with pleasure. What really impresses us is the terrible mistake of moving the Treasurer's office into the same space occupied by the Athletic office. That definitely carries the wrong connotation. "See," some people will say, "that's just so they can take care of all the money made on football games right away without any trouble. Those two offices are one and the same thing with two windows. It's just an out-and-out admission that football is everything at Notre Dame."

N. D. NIGHT: CAMPUS, CLEVELAND, WORLD

Monday night, April 17th, was Universal Notre Dame Night. The principal celebration was held in Cleveland, where Father O'Hara and Archbishop Schrembs, Richard Reid, Senator Clark of Idaho, and other men interested in Notre Dame were guests at a banquet given by the Notre Dame Club of Cleveland.

Universal Notre Dame Night has been held yearly since 1924; it is an occasion when Notre Dame Alumni clubs hold special dinners, hear local speakers, and then listen to a nationwide broadcast from some large center—such as Cleveland this year—and also from the University.

This year's broadcast began at Cleveland where Richard Reid, Atlanta journalist, spoke of Notre Dame as a center of Catholic Action. Next, Elmer Layden summarized Notre Dame's possibilities in football for the fall season. Back in Cleveland, Archbishop Schrembs of that city, and Senator Clark of Idaho concluded the program.

The Notre Dame Band and the Notre Dame Glee Club interspaced the various speeches; Professor Clarence Manion, of the College of Law, introduced the Cleveland speakers.

Papal Shield Explained

The Coat of Arms of Pope Pius XII is a shield divided into three sections representing the sky, the earth, and the sea. The top section is azure for the sky, a green band three-quarters down signifies the earth, and the base is wavy lines of sea green. Imposed on the shield and rising from the band representing the earth, is a tripartite mountain surmounted by a dove holding an olive branch in its beak. The Pope uses no motto. Generally the aim of his pontificate is expressed or deduced from his first encyclical. It is evident, however, that "peace" is uppermost in the mind of Pope Pius XII. As Cardinal his motto was "Opus Justitiae Pax," the Work of Justice is Peace.

Senior Invitations

The invitations which the University gives each year without cost to Seniors, are being engraved, and will be distributed from the Alumni office as heretofore. Dates of distribution and hours will be announced within the next week. Ten invitations are given to each member of the graduating Class, who calls for them personally at the Alumni Office during the specified time. The supply will not permit the securing of more than the original ten.

Decree to Tear Down Freshman Hall Recalls Memories of Red Hot Shots and Corduroys

As one of the present inmates writes: "The day of the pioneer is done! No more will courageous, daring men come West or East to brave the hardships, dangers and terrors of an untamed country. The last frontier is closed! The pioneers' rude shelter, which for years has made a brave but futile effort to shut out rain and cold, has finally given way to a newer goldcoast. Soon the last memories of a hardy race will pass. In other words, Freshman Hall is to be torn down."

And so a short trip down memory lane. Present seniors, for example, will remember:

The red-hot shot.... It was 11:30 of a winter night and the rector was abroad in the first floor corridor. From deep in the shadows came a voice: "Here you are. Catch."

Thump... thump... thump-thump. Down the corridor bounded a shot (the kind used in track meets). The rector moved to his left to play the ball on the short hop.... but it went through his legs for an error. The thrower had had the foresight to warm the shot on a radiator.

The fellow two doors down who snored.

The fire-hose.... and the student prefect who aroused sleepers with a glass of cold water.... and the spring day when the irate recipients aroused the prefect from his afternoon siesta by the simple enough procedure of dangling the fire hose over the transom and turning the faucet....

Juniors will recall the time the old wing of St. Edward's went down and the dust and gravel which got into

bed with you—like sleeping on a grater.

The fellow three doors away who snored.

The attempts to dress-up the rooms.... with twenty-five cent rugs from downtown drugstores... which curled at the edges (the rugs not the drugstores), rolled into a ball, and were finally kicked under a locker.

Some of those three-o'clock-in-the-morning filibusters in the chapel.... some of the fellows were always doing the darndest things.

And the Sophomores will remember all the innovations: the garish linoleum provided tax-free for all the rooms.... and the departure of the "maids"... and the fellow four rooms away who snored.

Also there was the fellow who wore the red corduroy pants overrun with black goalposts. He deserved the lake.

The hardy soul who bet his uncle he *could* live a whole year in Freshman hall—and won this year's tuition.

The freshman can hardly be expected to remember anything yet. One of them, however, submits an interesting list of questions:

1. Where will the pre-meds find their insect specimens?
2. What will Mr. McGinnis do with worn out blankets?
3. What has the South Bend fire department left to live for?
4. What will the FHA use as a horrible example?
5. Will sanitary plumbing have a demoralizing effect on future freshmen?
6. Will the guy five doors away continue to snore?



FRESHMAN HALL

Watch the fire insurance premiums go down.

OUR DAILY BREAD

Liturgy

In the Liturgy this is called Good Shepherd Sunday. It carries on the theme of Easter which originally was the only feast in the calendar. The Resurrection is the fundamental fact and doctrine of religion. All other feasts are the preparation for, the continuation and manifestation of the divine life in which Christ re-created humanity. "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," (1 Cor. 15:14). This week we participate in the Rogation Day of St. Mark's for which there is a special mass, a procession to the fields, the Litany of the Saints and special prayers for an abundant harvest from the new sown seeds. The Solemnity of St. Joseph was introduced by Pope Pius X to give special honor to the Spouse of Our Lady and Patron of the Universal Church since his traditional feast comes in Lent. St. Peter Canisius, who is called the "Hammer of Heretics," participated in the Council of Trent, zealously propagated its reforms and gave us our first Catechism, was proclaimed a Doctor of the Church by Pius XI.

Mass Calendar: April 23 to 29

Sunday 23—Second after Easter. Second prayer St. George. 3d of the Blessed Virgin (Concede). 4th Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Monday 24—St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen. Confessor. Double. Mass: *Protextisti* (Common). Prayer Proper. 2d Against Persecutors and Evil Doers.

Tuesday 25—St. Mark. Evangelist. Double of the second class. 2d prayer from mass of the Rogation (in missal after Fifth Sunday after Easter). Credo. Or Mass of the Rogations. 2d prayer of the Blessed Virgin (Concede). 3d the Church or the Pope.

Wednesday 26—Solemnity of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Patron of the Universal Church. Double of the first class. 2d prayer (at low mass) Sts. Cletus and Marcellinus, Popes and Martyrs. Credo and proper preface each day of the Octave.

Thursday 27—St. Peter Canisius. Confessor. Doctor. Double. Mass: *in Medio* (Common). Prayer proper. 2d the Octave. Credo.

Friday 28—St. Paul of the Cross. Confessor. Double. Mass proper. 2d prayer the Octave. 3d St. Vitalis. Credo.

Saturday 29—St. Peter. Martyr. Double. Mass proper. 2d prayer the Octave. Credo.

'SCRIP' FICTION CAST IN MODERN MOULD

By Edmund Butler

Just before the beginning of the Easter holidays *Scrip* made a brisk and impressive March appearance.

Fred Digby's story of Zebina held interest by creating a delicate tale of head-whirling fantasy. In the essay division Gerard Ellet offered a poignant analysis of the works of Coleridge.

A sharp bit of realism was injected into the issue by the story "Non-Pay-



FRED DIGBY

".... delicate.... head-whirling...."

ing Boarder," an interpretation of an old woman's emotional distress. Again, mental conflict provided workable subject material for Charles Nelson's "Visit to Father," in which he drew upon a child's rich supply of intense, genuine feeling.

Each of these compositions exemplified the best tendencies in the creation of the modern short story: an abolishment of the time-old supposition that a good short story must have an exceptional plot, stirring situations or surprise endings.

The best short story is purely impressionistic. It must have an enduring value by promoting afterthoughts of characters and situations. It demands the reader to stop, think and possibly conclude.

A freshman novice, Donald Dennis Connors, contributed two creditable poems, besides his freshman sketch of Dayton Beach that realized a sensitive artist's touch of color. His verse is noteworthy because it is neither whim nor hobby; he really has aspirations along that line.

Metallurgists Meet

The monthly meeting of the Notre Dame Chapter of the American Society for Metals was held at the University Wednesday, April 12, with a special program for high school students the feature of the meeting.

RADIO

By Bernard Feeney

This is the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine weekend as far as local radio activities go! Campus programs will give way to this big event, allowing various highlights of the Congress, now taking place at St. Mary's College, to be broadcast. Because of better radio facilities, all broadcasts will emanate from Notre Dame. Of course, local offerings resume their regular schedule next week.

First Broadcast Today

The radio opening of the Confraternity will occur this afternoon at 3 p.m. on WSBT, when the various phases of the organization and the present Congress will be discussed by St. Mary's and Notre Dame members. Tonight at 7:30 p.m., the Most Rev. Edwin O'Hara, D.D., Episcopal Chairman of the Confraternity will speak on, "Why a Confraternity in Every Parish?" The Bishop of Fort Wayne, Most Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., will be interviewed tomorrow night at the same time.

Sunday at 5 p.m., the Congress will wind up with the airing of two discussion clubs. These are the very backbone of the organization which is striving so hard for good sound Catholic Action. Twenty mid-west colleges have representatives at this Congress, some of whom will take part in this closing broadcast.

The Man Behind the Voice

Ray Kelly, president of the Radio Club, is this week's "Man." From Detroit and Badin Hall, Ray bowed into radio last year on the "Old Cronies" program. This year he handled general announcing until he took over the "Periscope" three weeks ago. Ray claims a good background for this program, having handled a scandal sheet in high school — but he hasn't been over to St. Mary's! In the role of president since the semester began, Ray has led the members of the club to a new interest in radio. Besides radio, Ray is a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Detroit club, Camera club, and is on the *Dome* staff. By the camera hobby he drives the maid crazy with his cans of developer rolling under the bed! Tune in his "Periscope" Wednesday at 9 p.m.

WFAM-WSBT Log

7:45—Mon.: Faculty Talk
9:15—Tues.: The Modernaires
9:00—Wed.: The Periscope
9:30—Thurs.: Music Appreciation
7:30—Fri.: Politics Forum
9:00—Fri.: Campus Quiz
7:30—Sat.: Our Economic Outlook

COLLEGE PARADE

By Fred E. Sisk

It Used To Be . . .

Around home that we had to wallop the cat for evil intentions on the goldfish bowl, but now we have to forget "Puss" in favor of a supposedly higher class animal—Joe ("I'm ga-ga about goldfish") College. The history of goldfish-eating in American colleges goes back to March 4 when a Harvard freshman swallowed one of the golden-colored cousins of a carp and won \$10. As is the case in college, this exploit lead to competition from other institutions of culture, and in no time goldfish were being gulped down with the aid of catsup and orange juice at the rate of 24, 25, and finally a record of 67.

In Massachusetts the legislature was asked to restore the goldfish's enemy to the cat, instead of the college cannibals. In Boston the humane society protested, and college editorial writers have argued in favor of the goldfish. In the latter respect, the choicest observation upon the goldfish business came through the editorial column of the Southern California *Daily Trojan* which remarked, "Some of the college critics who believe that a university is nothing but a short cut to dementia praecox, schizophrenia, paranoia, and kindred psychoses, have been given ample basis for both their indignation and their belief by the recent epidemic of gold fish swallowing..."

If it's all the same with you, we're in favor of restoring the gold wriggling prey to the fishbowl to torment the hunger of our cat, "Puss."

—o—

Real Life Story

"Here is some money, my love," said the husband.

"I don't want any," replied the wife.

"Come now, darling, take this \$10 note and go out shopping."

"Thank you, dearest, but I would sooner stop at home and help the maid."

Then the husband woke up.

—Pointer.

—o—

College Shorts:

At Ohio State University, the Newman Club did a novel bit of activity for a college club when it sponsored an Easter party for the children of St. Vincent's Orphanage, Columbus. . . Sad, sad, sad—Gaelohma is dead. She was a "hard-shelled old sister" and had only three legs, but Gaelohma will be remembered at the University

of Detroit as the 1938 winner of the U. of Detroit Turtle Race. . . A Drake co-ed gives her secret of success in examinations—a bowl of spinach the night before. . . . We'll quit college first.

VINCENTIANS

By Richard Leo Fallon, Jr.

Sunday. The President of the Conference speaks at the meeting:

"We have a case here referred to us by the Vincentians Service Bureau downtown. The report concerns a twelve-year-old boy who is somewhat wild. Neither his mother nor his teachers can do anything with him, and he misses classes very often. The report states that he is not a bad boy, but that he can be helped very easily if he were under the direction of some older fellow, someone who could put him on the right track. Have we a man here to volunteer to be that 'some older fellow'?"

Three hands went up, but a voice from the couch led with "I'd like to take that."

Monday. At the Vincentian Service Bureau.

"We got word at N.D. that there is some boy who needs a Big Brother. Will you please let me have the facts on the case; I want to visit the home this afternoon."

"Why, yes. That's fine. The father is dead. There is an older brother in prison. The youngster misses school you know . . . and here's an interesting note: he likes to 'strut' down the street—especially in a uniform. That's why the authorities have been afraid to get him into the Boy Scouts. Here you are; the home address and directions for getting out to the house and school are inside the envelope."

Sponsor Dance

This account will have to be continued in the next article because the Vincentians have a very important announcement to make to the students. A Spring Sport Dance, the first informal affair to be staged this year, will be held Friday, April 28, at the Progress Club. Karl Hunn and his orchestra will play for the dance. The price will be one dollar per couple. Proceeds of this dance are to be turned over to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. All students are urged to attend this affair which promises to be one of the best of the year. St. Mary's girls are allowed to attend this dance. Tickets may be had from any Vincentian or at 23 Lyons Hall.

MAN ABOUT CAMPUS

By Graham Starr

"Announcement is made today by Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Hourigan, 1201 North Allen street, of the engagement of their daughter, Mary, to Albert F. VanHuffel, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. VanHuffel of Warren, O. Mary who is a member of the Service guild, will be graduated in June from St. Mary's college. Mr. VanHuffel is a student in Law school at the University of Notre Dame. No date has been set for the wedding. The VanHuffel's spend much of their time in this vicinity, since they have a summer home at Diamond lake, Mich."

Such read the caption under Miss Hourigan's half-page picture in the Easter Sunday edition of the South



Bend Tribune. Strange Al chose to have his girl's picture in the paper at a time when the campus was devoid of all the fellows. The only answer is that he escaped the razzing that would have been inevitable had his many friends been here. It was a good move.

This golf and swimming enthusiast literally exudes with activity, being a member of the Knight of Columbus, the Monogram club and manager of baseball. Took to bridge like fish to water. In fact, he, along with John Dunphy, are the uncrowned bridge champions of the campus—and maybe Al's insistence on keeping score is the key to his competence in the card world. The only time that Al ever took a set-back in his college career as far as bridge is concerned was four weeks ago when he took a tremendous shellacking. But that didn't dim his spirit, for now he is on par again, and if anyone thinks otherwise he is free to try his luck.

Lends ready ears to anyone discussing the managerial system on the campus. And as for his baseball boys, he predicts that their chances are much better this year than they were last.

He has survived Father Brennan's logic class. Is obsessed with the idea that California has the best climate in the world. The Southern Cal. football trip sold him on the idea and he lives for nothing except to make his obsession something real.

MUSIC NOTES

By William Mooney

The University is very fortunate in being able to present both Lawrence Tibbett and Percy Grainger during Music Week. Last year Richard Crooks was the Music Week soloist, but this year two great artists, a baritone and a pianist, will appear on the stage of the gymnasium.

The fame of Lawrence Tibbett is not confined to musicians or to music lovers. He is known universally. His greatness is the goal of all young baritones, and his interpretations are the standard and authority for all singers.

It has been forty-three years since his birth in Bakersville, California. He intended first to be an actor, but he was attracted to singing as a career after the war. He took up voice training with Basil Ruysdael, who had been a member of the Metropolitan Opera, and sang in a light opera company giving Victor Herbert and Gilbert and Sullivan works. Encouraged by the novelist Rupert Hughes and other friends, he went to New York where he studied under Frank La Forge. His first audition at the Metropolitan Opera House in April, 1923 led to nothing. A few weeks later he had another hearing and succeeded in obtaining an engagement. In the two succeeding seasons he sang small roles in a variety of works.

Scores in "Falstaff"

On Jan. 2, 1925, he won a sensational success as Ford in a revival of "Falstaff," provoking a demonstration which had not been heard in the New York opera house in many years. In each performance he grew in artistic stature, arriving at a position of greatness approached by no other baritone.

Tibbett was one of the first of the opera singers to appear in singing films. He has been heard in "The Rogue Song," and the "New Moon," in which he co-starred with Grace Moore, "The Southerners," "Cuban Love Song," and "Metropolitan."

Percy Grainger, an artist who has achieved greatness both as a pianist and composer, will appear as soloist with the South Bend Symphony on Thursday evening.

Mr. Grainger was born in Australia fifty-seven years ago. At the age of ten he gave a series of recitals and earned the money to enable him to go to Germany for study. His real career as a pianist began in London in 1900 when he aroused great demonstrations of enthusiasm. He has given concerts in Europe, Australia, South Africa, and America. He became a

naturalized citizen of the United States in 1919. As a pianist he has long held place among the best living masters of the keyboard.

As a composer he was self-taught. Instead of going to the old masters for instruction and style, he gave his attention largely to the folk-music of the many countries he visited. The rhythmic dash and fire of his brilliant piano playing also characterizes most of his compositions.

His most popular combinations and arrangements are, "Molly On The Shore," "Shepherd's Hey," "Country Gardens," and "Spoon River."

Following is the program of the recital by Lawrence Tibbett. Stewart Wille at the piano:

1. The Song of Momus to Mars.....Dr. Boyce
Where'er You Walk.....Handel
I Am a Roamer Bold, from
"Son and Stranger".....Mendelssohn
2. By the Sea.....Schubert
While Tramping.....Hugo Wolf
Fare Thee WellHugo Wolf
If Love Hath Entered Thy Heart.....Jos. Marx
3. Sonetto 104 del Petrarca.....Liszt
GigaAntonine Kammell
Rhapsody, Op. 11, No. 3.....Dohnanyi
Mr. Wille
4. Cortigiani, vil razza dannata, from
"Rigoletto"Verdi

Intermission

5. The Water Mill.....Vaughan Williams
None But the Lonely Heart.....Tchaikowsky
Wander ShoesElinor Remick Warren
EdwardKarl Loewe
6. MoanEdward Harris
Betsy's BoyJacques Wolfe
Hangman, Slack on de Line (Negro
Folksong).....adapted by Harvey Enders

ART

By Don Driscoll

For the next week an exhibition of oils, water colors, and drawings by Professor Francis J. Hanley of the University's department of fine arts will be shown in the Wightman Library galleries. Professor Hanley is an accomplished artist in either oil or water color; yet the latter seems to be his particular forte.

Of the water colors on exhibition his "Abidair Reflection," "Wakefield Meadow," and "Hoosier Neighbor Planting" are outstanding. Each of these works expresses that feeling of spontaneity so vital to success in the use of this medium. In "Wakefield Meadow" and "Abidair Reflections" one cannot help but notice the fine skies. Here, in this one point alone, Professor Hanley has shown us his masterful command of this altogether difficult medium. This command is likewise shown in a sketch entitled "Kyoto, Street of the Carp." This work reflects a careless, effortless treatment in a somewhat candid camera approach to the subject matter.

THEATRE

By R. J. Sadlier

The vacation having faded away, as all vacations do, there is nothing left but to sit back and watch the current semester draw to an end. "The Queen's Husband" merits well-earned seclusion after its brief but satisfactory run. Unfortunately time did not permit any comments to be made after the close of the show; yet, it may not be too late to make them now. While at certain times the perennial pit element of the audience attempted to convert the production into a melodrama by hissing the villains, etc., it was possible to follow the whimsical vein throughout. On the whole the play was received in a satisfactory manner. No more could be asked.

A pleasant Sunday afternoon and evening relief was the appearance of the De Paul University Players on the second of April with their well-finished interpretation of "Murder in the Cathedral." Director David Itkin gave a unique and pleasant twist to the voice chorus by allotting lines to individual women at various instances rather than maintaining a solid chorus rendition throughout.

Itkin Presumptuous?

Some campus devotees of T. S. Eliot thought that this was too much of a presumption on the part of Mr. Itkin, overlooking, of course, the obvious fact that when an author has completed a script the interpretation of it lies directly with the director. That is an established theatrical principle. However, it is a distinct relief to find the Arts the subject of controversy rather than the typical topics of little import which are so common.

By Way of Retrospect — The tall gothic steeple of the church silhouetted against the dusted purple and black of approaching night — Itkin, dressed in black, his eyes piercing and flashing, discussing modern theatrical trends with a handful of Notre Dame students and members of his cast, outside Washington Hall . . . his diplomatic reply when asked what he thought of Chekhov . . . "I wish he thought of me what I think of him!" . . . the eight minute intermission after the prologue of "Murder in the Cathedral" . . . A small fraction of the audience leaving . . . one departing student mumbling, "you have to think too much to follow this." . . . Walt Hagen tirelessly tugging on a cold cigar and benignly telling some freshman of his theatrical past. . . ah! for the life of a director! . . . midnight. . . lights out. . . back to the routine!

Easter Odyssey—the Tale of Bold Repetto, Venturesome Murphy, and an Auburn of Parts

By William C. Fay

Hark, Ye College Muse, to the tale of bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy who, on the first day of April when Apollo's chariot had but half completed its race through the heavens, did set forth to the east with three stalwart companions, bold Repetto himself guiding their 8-cylindered and 8-year-old Auburn.

And now, Ye Muse, take a back seat; and, sitting squeezed in among Doc (not a relation but an equally venturesome Murphy), Smiling Jack Pindar and dauntless John Young, thrill to the mighty pulse of the racing motor as bold Repetto steers the burnished Auburn, light baby-blue in color, down 'neath the vaulted arched trees of Notre Dame Avenue.

"Before we go too far we must stop for gas and oil," remarks Repetto to venturesome Murphy who shares the spacious and comfortable front seat.

"Right," agrees Murphy, and glances roughly in the rear vision mirror at his three companions. They are a very pleasant sight indeed to venturesome Murphy. "Three passengers at \$15 per head," he ruminates. "That's \$45. Now we will repeat this coup in June. Which makes a grand total of \$90 gross. Deduct \$55, the pittance we have already paid for this marvelous conveyance... that's \$35 net profit... plus the \$100 we would have paid out for trainfare... dada-dedum dedum dedum... just about \$100 net when you deduct the traveling expenses—"

"It's a lovely day," Repetto interrupts. The entrepreneurs exchange significant glances, and Murphy rubs his palms in non-Aryan fashion.

By this time they are at Bill's place, a spot which sells gas and oil. "Fill it up, check the oil—and take a look under the hood, I think I hear a slight noise there," orders bold Repetto.

Bill complies. "That's 13 gallons of gas, five quarts of oil, and you'll need a new fanbelt—it's finished. Wanta wait. I got one inside."

They waited... and finally bold Repetto is once more at the wheel.

"Onward," cries Doc (not a relation but an equally venturesome Murphy).

"Onward," cries Smiling Jack Pindar.

"Onward," cries dauntless John Young.

They have not progressed far when venturesome Murphy calls bold Repetto's attention to a persistent blue cloud trailing out behind. "Did that

dealer say this was frugal on oil," he inquires.

"He did," confirms Repetto, "but maybe we should pull into the garage I see ahead and check up—just to be on the safe side."

The garage man was positive. "You have burned out your oil bearing," he states.

"Is that bad," asks Murphy.

"Well, I can get you a replacement in two days—cost you about twenty bucks."

Murphy and Repetto huddle.... "What will you offer us for the car," inquires Murphy. "I note that you are a dealer in used cars."

The garage man hesitates... finally, "I don't think you'd be interested."

"Well make us an offer anyway," persists Murphy.

The garage man spits deliberately "... five bucks."

Bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy stand there in hurt silence... finally the garage man offers: "You might try to push on to Toledo—it's only about ten miles. Might be able to pick up a bearing there."

"Do you think we can make it," asks Repetto.

"You might," admits the garage man.

"Onward," cries Doc (not a relation but an equally venturesome Murphy).

"Onward," cries Smiling Jack Pindar.

"Onward," cries dauntless John Young.

But Toledo is a barren town for bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy who investigate many garages and have the fire department out several times looking for fires, since the Auburn is using quite a bit of oil by this time.

The open road winks a challenge if it does not beckon.

"Onward," cries Doc (not a relation but an equally venturesome Murphy).

"Onward," cries Smiling Jack Pindar.

"Onward," cries dauntless John Young.

They pass the outskirts of Toledo. Darkness falls. They rumble through the far from silent night, pausing at 50 mile intervals to permit bold Repetto and/or venturesome Murphy to replenish the oil supply from large gallon cans which they have stored in the back seat along with Doc (not a relation but an equally venturesome Murphy), Smiling Jack Pindar, and dauntless John Young...

The Stygian darkness greys and, finally, rosy-fingered morn appears. Bold Repetto glances at venturesome

Murphy and asks, "are we dragging a bag of cement?"

"No," answers Murphy.

"Then we had better pull into this garage and investigate that grinding noise in the rear," says Repetto.

"My, that's a noisy motor," exclaims garage man No. 17, and moves to raise the hood.

"Never mind the motor," commands Repetto. "We've had that noise for 300 miles. Take a look at the back end."

The diagnosis is swift. "Your differential is shot," says garage man No. 17. "Cost you about fifty bucks—"

"Onward," cries Doc (not a relation but an equally venturesome Murphy).

"Onward," cries Smiling Jack Pindar.

"Onward," cries dauntless John Young.

The funny old Pennsylvania hills sing back at the Auburn and say... clump... clump... scrape... clump... scrape... The entrepreneurs are now approximately 400 miles and 40 quarts of oil west of South Bend.

"Do you think we'll get home by Tuesday," asks venturesome Murphy.

"Do you think we'll get home," counters bold Repetto... "you know, there was something strange about the way that dealer snapped up our 55 bucks. Wait'll I get—"

Get out, Ye Muse, and walk. Observe the sad plight of Bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy as they stand beside their ill-fated car. Note the parts strewn 'round about the body, once a light baby blue but now stained black with oil. Sorrow o'er that broken engine block so cruelly shattered by the errant drive shaft, which, weakened by the strain, hath burst its bonds and pierced the engine mortally.

Is it not a long walk back to Lewistown, O Muse? And can you but sympathize with Bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy as they return to their fallen car in the jouncing tow-truck of garage man No. 18, who, arrived and acquainted with the disaster, says:

"I'll give you seven-fifty cash for junk. That's fair 'nuf."

"How about the battery," asks bold Repetto.

"Nine-fifty."

"How about the tires," asks venturesome Murphy.

"Eleven-fifty—that's my top offer."

"Sold," cry bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy in tearful unison.

Grieve not, O Muse, over bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy and their stalwart companions as they depart variously from Lewistown by thumb and bus; but rather rejoice that a spark of college spirit yet burns bright, that such as bold Repetto and venturesome Murphy yet go down to Easter vacation in \$55 Auburns.

William Butler Yeats

By DESMOND FITZGERALD

This tribute appeared in the IRISH TIMES. W. B. Yeats (1865-1939) last lectured at Notre Dame in 1933. Desmond Fitzgerald is a member of the Irish Senate and has been a visiting professor of The Philosophy of Politics at Notre Dame since 1935.

As one grows older the death of friends or of those we revere becomes more and more frequently an event of one's daily life. The mind becomes attuned to thinking in the past tense. But the death of W. B. Yeats comes with a certain overwhelming force that one can experience but rarely in life.

It is not an unusual thing for a boy in his early teens to discover the work of a poet and to become, as it were, drunk with the beauty revealed by that work. That happens in every generation. And not infrequently the work so discovered is that of one who still lives and may be seen walking in the streets. But for that generation of Irishmen who awoke to poetic appreciation when *The Wind Among the Reeds* was the last published volume, the discovery of W. B.'s work had this greater significance that not only did the beauty of the work take possession of the mind so utterly as to be a supreme experience, that could be only known and felt and be incapable of analysis, but it had this additional impelling force, that it brought what was naturally most dear to us, and revealed it to us clothed and permeated with the beauty of Yeats' mind.

The great poets of every generation have spoken with particular meaning and intimacy to those of their own race, but when that race is so submerged by another that it has lost even its distinction of language, then the main body of poetry that its people experience is steeped with the thought and tradition of the dominating race. It was in such circumstances that the discovery of Yeats' work came to us—not only as a thing of all-enveloping beauty, but also bringing with it an emotion that one who has long lived in complete exile might feel at the sight of a fellow-countryman among the foreigners surrounding him. Yeats came bearing what is enshrined in the racial mem-

ory and gave it to us swathed in the beauty that only he could give.

If one merely said that his poetry has brought to the mind the most intense delight that poetry can bring, one might indeed mourn the passing of a great poet, and that no new work could flow from his pen to be like a rich wine; if he had been but one who had opened to us the soul of our country like a book it would be a great grief that no new pages would be turned over to bring us a further revelation; if he had been merely the friend in whose company we delighted, we should know that life would be poorer now that his magnificent presence could no longer enter in to it—that we should no longer hear that beautiful voice pouring out the concepts of his imagination in multi-colored cadence.

But the thought of him as a person and a friend brings with it all that poetry and love of country can bring. And a well-loved line or image from his work transcends one's power of analysis, for interwoven with the emotion that it evokes is the personality of the friend, and all one's own intensest feelings associated with historical tradition, with the struggles of one's own life and one's own dreams. Thought and emotion become incommunicable. Our own lives and the course that they have followed become incomprehensible if the image of Yeats is withdrawn.

Necessarily one gives thanks for being born at a time when his work was being written so that it might flow into the mind like a sustaining and exalting stream, and for the transcendent privilege of knowing him and communicating with him. And again one gives thanks that from the first opening of the eyes to poetic beauty his images and rhythms have, as it were, clothed the mind like a rich garment. Grief at the news that

he is dead is the more burning because one has been so favored.

It would be thrilling indeed if those figures of the past whose work, or thought, or heroic lives have stirred the soul were to walk into the room. It would have been a privilege to have been held by Socrates in the street, or to have sat listening to his discourse while he waited for the moment of death. Or to have met Dante in the streets of Florence and listened while he revealed the burning thoughts of his soul. For the reality of their being transpires through their work and overcomes the separating abyss of time and place and circumstance.

But it is more wonderful to have known with an identity of national tradition and passion, and with the intimacy of a friend, the poet whose work seized one's mind and stirred one's blood with the greatest intensity of all.

His death comes to us like a black veil that marks the cleavage between time past and time to come. We shall still take down his volumes and the beauty of his words will still echo in the mind, but they will come now with something of reminiscence, with the mediacy of time interposed, like remembered happiness. With that beauty echoing in the mind will be the knowledge that the poet himself has withdrawn, that the solace of his spoken words can no longer be sought; that his mouth is now mute and can no longer be moved to cadenced eloquence by the images that thronged his imagination. His work lives on with life-giving force for the Ireland of the future. But now it becomes part of history, though of a living history. For us, however, the feeling remains that it was reserved as a privilege for our generation to know in the instancy of the moment the complete and dazzling revelation that he brought.

New Remedy

By CLYDE ARCHER

Harry Lehman left the City hospital and hurried to his car. As he switched the key and stepped on the starter, he thought, "The doc can't be right. I don't feel any different." The car moved into the traffic and he said, "He's crazy. I just got a cold. I'll be all right if I take care of myself."

This morning he had been dizzy, had a little soreness and stiffness in his muscles; what was troubling him now? This morning he had got out of bed coughing. In a few minutes he had been fine, except for the soreness and stiffness. And now, after he had seen the doc, he had learned something that asounded him.

In the hospital the doc had said, "Your lungs are inflamed, in a very serious condition." Then he had advised a change of work. "No doubt," the doc had said, "you work where you're kept out in all kinds of weather. Change, or you'll develop pneumonia."

No, he thought as he drove along, my business is not in the open. But he could remember one Saturday night he had pulled a job, and had knocked off a jeweler. And as he had left the shop he heard whistles. He had started to run one way and had seen a cop. Then he had darted into an alley and crouched behind a barrel and a telephone pole. He'd stayed there for hours, rolled into a ball, while cold rain poured down upon him. He had been ready to use his gun on himself, because he had always sworn the law would never take him. When the cops had gone he had straightened his numb legs and pulled his drenched body from its hiding place. He had felt hot all over and his head ached and his breath had come in gasps. For almost a week he had lain in bed with a temperature over a hundred. He had become better, and finally well.

At least he had thought he was well—until yesterday evening when he had coughed and let every clerk in the jewelry shop know his hiding place. He had had difficulty convincing the clerks that he had been behind the window drape to escape a pestering fellow. But they had believed him, and he had hurried to his apartment, his head burning, his lungs tight, and his breathing a torture. And this morning he had gone to the doc.

Now he was undeniably disturbed, more puzzled than he had ever been in his six years of working the jewel racket. The information he had just

received was causing him more thought than any job he had ever tackled anywhere. But one doc, he thought, one doc can't be positive proof! He was wrong about me working out all the time!

He swung the car to the curb, parked, and found a drugstore. After the name Dr. A. J. Brooke in the telephone book, he read the words, "Lung Specialist."

Dr. Brooke, a few seconds after he had held a stethoscope to Harry's chest and asked him to breathe deeply, said, "You are a sick man, Mr. Lehman. Get immediate attention, or you'll develop pneumonia. Then, even with medical care, your chance of living six months is slim. Your faintest hope is a sanitarium."

Harry buttoned his shirt slowly. He was calm now; he knew the truth and was no longer confused. "What would it cost, doc, to get in a sanitarium?"

"That would depend on your stay and on the type of treatment your case would call for. I'd say around three thousand."

After that Harry drove around for awhile. Three thousand dollars. He didn't have three thousand dollars. Charlie Garst, the little jeweler who got rid of Harry's hot stuff, had not come through for the last haul he'd turned over to him. He could sell this car for five hundred. His apartment furnishings would bring another five hundred. If Charlie could get a good price for the stuff, he'd have the three thousand.

At five-thirty Harry entered his apartment, and, as he lifted the newspaper from the floor, he read, "CHARLESTON POLICE NAB JEWEL THIEF." The story told how Charlie Garst had been caught with identified stolen jewelry in his possession, and that he was being held on suspicion of murder.

Harry dropped into a chair. Everything was going wrong now. Charlie caught with the stuff while it was hot, held for a murder rap. How had he slipped up? Now, Harry thought, the sanitarium was out of the question. Charlie was a good guy. He couldn't let Charlie take the rap. What was it the doc had said? "Your chance of living six months is slim." Why not? Why not spend the last six months in ease? The thousand would be enough for awhile. After that was gone they couldn't throw out a dying man. And Charlie wouldn't take the rap. He'd figure out some way to release Charlie. A few months of just

lying around in the sunshine. And then? And then he'd save Charlie and cheat the law.

He left Charleston two days later on a train west. His mind was at ease as he thought of the coming months and of how he had planned everything out. And as he registered at the "Rodge's Sanitarium" in Arizona three days later, he already felt he had started the redemption for his past life.

It was quiet and restful at the sanitarium. Every day he felt he was growing stronger. The sunshine, the regular hours, the good food—all invigorated him. But he didn't want to get well; he wanted to die. If he got well his plans would not work out. And then he would be in a spot worse than death—life imprisonment.

Suddenly he took a turn, his lungs becoming tight and painful. While the doctors diagnosed his case as double pneumonia and argued as to a treatment, Harry smiled to himself and wished for the end. He'd hang on until the last minute; then he'd tell them just what to do.

On the second day of his room confinement Harry muttered feebly while the attending nurse listened to his semi-conscious mumbling: "In my coat pocket—a letter. Mail—it—as soon.."

The nurse called the head doctor. "He's dead, doctor!"

"Summon the rest of the staff, Nurse."

The doctors held a quick consultation. "He's unconscious," one doctor said. "He'll go soon. The sulfapyridine serum may check this case. It's a long chance, but I think we should try it as a last means."

Harry regained complete consciousness four days later. His lungs felt open and he breathed deeply and freely.

"And how's our patient doing today, Mr. Lehman?" the nurse asked him.

He looked at the nurse, unable to comprehend that he had been snatched from death. "What did they do—to me? I—I wanted to die."

"Such talk, Mr. Lehman! You're a famous person. Your case responded wonderfully to the new treatment. A new remedy for pneumonia has been discovered, the doctors think, and your case is the first to be successfully treated with it. The story of your recovery and your picture are all over the country. When you revived yesterday the unbelievable had been accomplished by medicine. And now you must eat your breakfast."

(Continued on Page 20)

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus

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In Crisis

WORLD events of the past few weeks have made the possibility of a general war alarmingly imminent. Militarists scream for preparedness. Pacificists demand strict isolation. The present circumstances present very great difficulty in determining the true facts in any of these important events. It is consequently and correspondingly difficult to determine the relative merits of the two extreme positions.

But it is probable that, when a European war does break out, the United States will not be directly involved immediately. The respite obtained by our natural physical isolation would in the normal course of events give us an opportunity to consider carefully before taking any decisive action. Yet we must remember that the advent of a general war causes some of the most insignificant events to assume abnormal importance. It is just this panic that we must fear more than war itself. Experience preceding the last Great War showed how quickly this country can become the victim of mob hysteria, how the most peaceful institutions can be transformed into propaganda machines over night.

It has been pointed out that the public is better informed through the medium of radio than ever before in history. Many think that this will make a great difference. We are not entirely confident that this is true. The radio is an excellent example of an instrument which, by unduly exciting the populace, can do great harm. Orson Welles showed that last fall.

Most of us want to preserve peace. Only with clear foresight and reasoned calm can we do this. And the responsibility for supplying these elements rests squarely on a small group of persons. It rests upon those who have the intellectual heritage and equipment to maintain this deliberate and reasoned calm in the face of the most violent excitement. Together with college graduates, we

college students form a large part of that group. We indubitably have the background and equipment if anyone has. It is extremely important that we use them properly. The fate of this nation does very really rest in our hands. We must not fail.—MARK J. MITCHELL.

To "Trot" or Not

RECENTLY Italy protested against and abolished the old bugaboo—the "trot." The native land of the classical sages denounced all translation aids and demanded that her students spend more time with the efforts of their renowned forefathers.

Now that the precedent is set, quibbling is sure to follow. Is the trot a menace or an aid in translation courses? The conservatives say it is an unnecessary crutch that weakens the mind and the initiative. And they will even go so far as to say that its use constitutes cheating—a type of cheating which has been so long ignored that it now has the gall to demand acceptance in a plan for classical education.

But the liberals scoff at such talk and insist that supplementary translations are valuable and quite necessary to classical study. Many language teachers even advise their students to use them. Their argument is quite simple: It should be taken for granted that any student who is ready for translation work is already well versed in fundamentals. Classical works are translated only for literary appreciation and for an easier understanding of classical society.

Perhaps there is a middle way through this situation—or, more specifically, a tolerant way. Conceding points to both sides of the question, the only answer is in a wise and practical use of the "trot." It would result in economy of time and labor, yet demand that the student understand the help of his silent tutor just as he would a personal guide. Such a use of translation aids could easily be regulated and enforced by the instructor because the old scholastic quip will always hold true—you can't fool the teacher.—EDMUND R. BUTLER.

Music Week

MUSIC WEEK has become an annual event at Notre Dame. Since its inception four years ago it has grown very rapidly in importance and interest. Last year the presentation of the Metropolitan tenor, Richard Crooks established a precedent for quality. This precedent has unquestionably been maintained if not increased by the engagement of Lawrence Tibbett and Percy Grainger for Music Week of 1939. The presentation of outstanding campus musical talent supports and complements the quality of the guest artists.

THE SCHOLASTIC strongly commends the program of the fourth annual Music Week to your attention, in the hope that the precedent of great interest on the part of the students will also be maintained.

THE WEEK IN SPORTS

TRACKMEN PRACTICE FOR RELAYS

By John Quinn

The triangular meet with Wisconsin and Missouri called off, the track squad sets its sights for the competition at the Drake and Penn Relays next week. Coach Nicholson is fairly optimistic about the chances for the Irish but feels the irregular weather may keep the practice plans from being fulfilled and thereby interfere with the condition of the team.

Outdoor practice sessions were held during Easter vacation preparing for the meet at Columbia, but when the cancellation was made known the boys were given a respite until the holidays were over. However, practice is now well advanced and serious trials are being run to find the best combinations for the relay teams. The sprinters have been working on the longer outdoor distances and Nick believes he can get together a respectable quartet from Saggau, Coughlin, Buenger, Tucker and Halpin. Nick expressed surprised satisfaction in the outlook for the four mile team with Captain Greg Rice anchoring the team of Donnelly, Hestor, and Obrys.

The outdoor field events have commanded a great deal of Nick's attention as both Langton and Perry, Blue and Gold javelin throwers of last year, are missing this year. Harry Stevenson has been spending his afternoons to good advantage in taking over the spear for the Irish cause. Bill Faymonville, winner of the Penn Relay discus title last year, returned to the platter as soon as the snow left Cartier Field and recent tosses have set to rest any worries Nick may have fostered about Bill's chances at Philadelphia this year.

Coach Nicholson's tentative plan is to split the team, sending part to the Eastern classic and the rest to the equally "classy" Western meet. The sprint team will go to the Penn Relays with Faymonville and possibly Leonas. The other members of the team will go to the Drake Relays with the four mile relay team with the shuttle relay four of Reidy, Webb, Morgan and Lawrence definitely competitors.

UNTRIED WESTERN STATE HERE TOMORROW; KLINEMEN GO TO CHICAGO TUESDAY

By Pete Sheehan

Western State Teachers and Notre Dame will make their second attempt of the season to renew baseball acquaintance on Cartier Field tomorrow afternoon. Rain and cold weather prevented these teams from meeting on March 11th, but Coach Clarence Kline is optimistic and feels certain that the twenty-fourth renewal of this series will be played Saturday because even in Indiana the sun shines once in a while.

The Irish will go to Chicago on Tuesday to meet the University of Chicago nine, which was scheduled to

Fencers Hold Banquet; Sayia Captain-Elect

On Monday night, April 3, the varsity fencing team held their annual banquet and elected Bob Sayia captain for the 1940 season. This banquet was a fitting climax to one of the most successful fencing seasons ever carried through by Notre Dame, and it seems, from the happy smile on the face of Coach Pedro de Landero, that there are even better days ahead.

A word or two about the new captain: Robert Fortune Sayia is a junior commerce student and comes from New Jersey (Montclair, no less), but while on this campus prefers to hang his hat in fashionable Dillon Hall. He hasn't had a chance to compete much in his favorite event (foil) because of the predominance of veterans competing against him, but, according to Coach de Landero, will be a valuable man to have around when the grind for next season begins.

Second in the voting was Johnny Gavan, of Milwaukee and Dillon Hall fame. This young man will be well worth watching next year. If you don't believe it, just ask a few of the many opponents he defeated after he hit his stride in the late part of the season.

With these two men as a nucleus for next year's team, Coach de Landero should have little to worry about, especially since their supporting cast will be formed by one of the most formidable freshman squads that this school has produced in many years (this last statement by no less an authority than the venerable coach himself). Of these, the outstanding sabre men should be Leising and Humphries. Of the foilers, Mahler, Gore, and Bill Fahlen (another representative of the Brownson stalwarts) seem to be the most capable.



PITCHER HUNTHAUSEN
Seeks second win.

play here last Tuesday but rain and cold weather once again caused postponement. It was last year that Mike Mandjiak set the Maroons down without a hit and fanned seventeen batsmen.

Western State's Bronchos won five games and lost seven last year when they carried the nickname, Hilltoppers. Many of their opponents were known by the same name; thus the name, Bronchos, was selected to avoid confusion. Due to the constant rainfall the Kalamazoo nine has been unable to launch its season, so at this date its prowess is practically unknown.

Coach Kyle Anderson is looking forward to a fair season at Chicago. Twelve men from last year's squad have returned and six of these are monogram men. His pitching staff looks very strong. Bob Reynolds and Cliff Gramer, righthanders, are hold-overs from last year, and Art Lopatka, sophomore portsider, is expected to develop into one of the Western Conference's ace hurlers. Martin

(Continued on Page 14)

S.A.C. SPONSORS SWIMMING MEET IN ROCKNE MEMORIAL ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

Very high interest is evident in the interhall swimming meet to be held Wednesday and Thursday of next week in the Rockne Memorial. The program is being conducted under the auspices of the Student Activities Council. The entry list, which is in charge of the individual hall team managers, will be closed Monday. Sixteen teams, one from each hall and two from off-campus, are participating. The teams are practicing daily in the Memorial pool.

Preliminaries will be held Wednesday afternoon and evening, beginning at 4:30. The finals will be on Thursday night, starting at 8 o'clock sharp. The Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., president of the University, will be referee. Timers and judges will be Joe Benda, Joe Boland, Rev. Thomas Brennan, C.S.C., Prof. Ray Hoyer, George Keogan, Elmer Layden, and John Nicholson; announcer, William Cerney; starter, George Cooper; clerk of course, Charles Hafron; and scorer, Edward Slezak, assistant director of Rockne Memorial.

A trophy will be presented to the winning hall team, as will a trophy to the highest individual scorer. Medals with an inscription of the swimmer's name and the event will be given to the individual victors of the various events. Gold, silver, and bronze medals will be presented to the first, second, and third place winners, respectively.

Seven events are on the program: 200-yard free-style relay; 50-yard breast stroke; 50-yard free style; 50-yard back stroke; 100-yard free-style; diving; and 150-yard medley relay. The front, back, front jack, and back jack and two optional ones will be the dives off the low board.

In the individual events five points will be given for a first place; three for a second; and one point for a third. The scoring in the relays will be eight for a first, six for a second, four for a third, and two for a fourth.

BASEBALL GAMES (Continued from Page 13)

Levit will do the receiving, while Meyer, Calogeratos and Klass will be back at their infield posts. Third base is still open.

Mandjiak will probably be Jake Kline's choice tomorrow. Mike comes from Kalamazoo, and a victory over the Teachers would be an excellent beginning for the Irish southpaw.

Few changes are expected in the lineup, but Bob Hoag, senior infielder, may land a first team berth. He has been working out at second base, and his work there is as excellent as it was at shortstop during the practice sessions.



ASSISTANT COACH BENDA
A new job—temporarily.

N. D. Tennists Hosts to Indiana U. Tomorrow

Professor Pedro de Landero's Notre Dame tennis team will renew an old rivalry tomorrow when they tangle with the racquetmen of Indiana University. The game will be played on the University's asphalt courts, because of the recent rains.

The tentative lineup for Notre Dame is: Singles, no. 1, Bill Fay; no. 2, Whit Gregory; no. 3, Jack Joyce; no. 4, Capt. Simon; no. 5, Harold Bowler; no. 6, John Walsh. The doubles—no. 1, Fay and Joyce; no. 2, Gregory and Simon; no. 3, either Bowler and Lewis or Gottschalk and Walsh.

The Irish netmen will travel to Greencastle, Indiana, on next Tuesday, where they will meet the DePauw University team. From Greencastle the team will swing south to Lexington, where they will be guests of the University of Kentucky.

RAIN SENDS GRIDMEN IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN

By Frank Aubrey

A bright spring day welcomed back Elmer Layden's football forces after the Easter vacation and the squad settled down to a siege of good hard training. But this was not to be. Since then rain and cold weather have alternated in either forcing the gridgers indoors or seriously hampering the outdoor work. So, having taken care of the weather, we can get down to business—which is, football.

Saturday saw a resumption of the usual weekly scrimmages. There were fewer people on hand, however, to see or participate in the festivities. The Northwestern baseball game drew a few customers away from the grid sidelines, which is an odd state of affairs for around here. Nor were all the warriors on hand to take a walloping either, for Coach Layden had put the clamps down hard on Friday and purged the squad of about 35 over-lengthy vacationists. As a further disciplinary measure, Elmer had the men who merely cut one day's practice run a long 600 yards as an anti-climax to Friday's session. Needless to say, the boys were impressed, or is the word "compressed"—meaning deflated?

With Bill McGannon fading to his left and launching two long aeriels to Bud Kerr for the last touchdown, and Bill Leonard reversing 9 yards for another score, the varsity topped the second team Saturday, 14 to 0. Except for the two passes and the other drive of about 40 yards, the defenses of both teams were too tough for the offenses. This fact was even more evident in the following two games between the next ranking teams. A great majority of the plays were piled up right on the line of scrimmage. There were a few spectacular plays, however. One of the Frosh backs was back to punt with the count 4th and 8 to go. He fumbled the pass from center, picked it up, and ran around his right end for a first down through a swarm of surprised "kick-blockers."

At present all three of Layden's foremost left halves are out of the football business. Saggau and Stevenson are now serving as aides-de-camp for Major John P. Nicholson in his 12th track and field artillery, and Benny Sheridan's bum ankle has moved him into a job in the McAllister sanctuary. Just between us girls—it is becoming increasingly evident that rain and a talent for track are heaven-sent gifts around this here campus.

IRISH FACE VETERAN BOILERMAKER NINE

By Robert B. Voelker

With the exception of the first base post, William "Dutch" Fehring brings an all-veteran Purdue baseball team to Notre Dame next Wednesday. Improving an early season mediocre performance at the plate is Coach Fehring's immediate objective.

Arnold Bredewater will probably have the mound assignment when the Boilermakers face the Irish, with his twin brother, Arthur, behind the plate. Joe Doan and Homer Warner will be the relief pitchers.

Purdue finished third in Big Ten competition last year, and this year's prospects indicate that the Boilermakers may finish with honors. Arnold Bredewater, the veteran right hand pitcher, has been bothered with a sore arm in early drills, but he is expected to be ship shape for the Irish game. As a sophomore he had the best earned run average in the Big Ten; he won four of his five starts last year.

Newcomers Frank Smithson and Frank Donowski are still waging a hot fight for the vacated first base post, so either lad may start. Second base seems to be well sewed up by Wayne Hearne and James Lyboul, both being experienced men who saw alternating action last year.

Felix Mackiewicz, who led the Big Ten in total bases last season, is slated to hold down third base. His main competition will be provided by Ray Burroughs who has been improving rapidly since the first call to the diamond.

Undoubtedly Captain Jimmy Thompson, who was rated one of the best fielding infielders by Big Ten officials last year, will be at the short stop position with Ken Correll and James Tofson, lettermen, as his understudies.

The outfield will be composed of more championship material, including John Vernon, the Boilermaker's leading hitter last year, Lettermen Tom Dickinson, Ross Dean and Martin Stamm, who tosses with his right but bats left-handed. John Vernon can likewise vary his game since he throws with his right but bats left or right handed, depending upon the positions' pitching or fielding weaknesses.

Leon "Goose" Goslin former outfield great with the Washington Senators and the Detroit Tigers is now player-manager of the Trenton (N.J.) Senators.

INTRODUCING

By Eddie Huff

Joe Nardone is Notre Dame's baseball captain and center fielder; he played end for the "B" football squad too; and he won a position with interhall basketball champions several times. But not even many of Joe's buddies know that his first athletic impetus was won on the golf course.

Of two things Joe is proud; his golf game is one, his bridge work is the other. And this is not to be confused with dental prosthesis. Joe ex-



CAPTAIN NARDONE
Wallace was impressed.

plains that, "... Babe Marshall, Motts Tonelli, Joe Kuharich, Jake Kovalcik, and I play the most gruelling bridge game atop a card table."

You wonder why "Blackie" Nardone, who lives in Lyons-sub, all but "lives" in Morrissey-sub, and he tells you that the competition at bridge is much stiffer in the latter domicile. Then you wonder why it takes five men to play a hand, and he tells you that the competition is so tough that a substitute sits around ready to be called into action.

Then "Blackie" relates a most interesting incident that occurred years ago on the first tee of the Belmont Country Club on the shores of the Ohio river. "Blackie" was to caddy for an impressive looking visitor. The I. L. V. had difficulty locating the first green that was the paw of a dog-leg fairway. Even when "Blackie" pointed, the visitor was doubtful of its position. "Drive a ball and give me a bearing," said the visitor to his youthful caddy.

Whereupon Joe Nardone blasted a long pellet that amazed his golf companion. "If you could sock a baseball that way you would make good college material," Joe heard his observer comment.

The remainder is history, for the interested observer was Frank Wal-

lace, famous Notre Dame alumnus, novelist, and sports commentator, who makes his home in Bellaire, Ohio, nearby to Tiltonsville, hometown of the Nardone family.

In the summer months Joe has been working in the local steel plants, from which position he manages to inject a touch of sandlot baseball.



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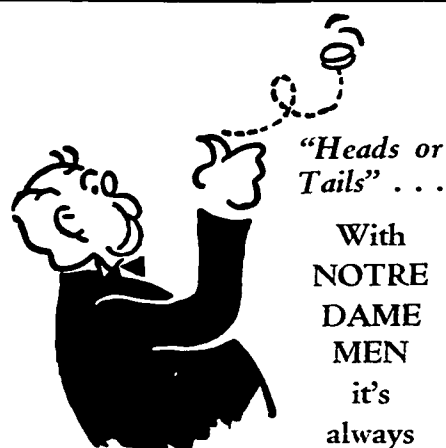
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SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

By Andy Wilson

The Notre Dame baseball team now has a .500 record for games won, games lost, and games played. Snow and rain eliminated two out of the first four games scheduled, and the Irish split the other two.

The schedule is interesting for several reasons. The Irish play fourteen games with Big Ten teams, two more than the conference teams themselves play. Notre Dame meets altogether ten different opponents, playing two teams once, and eight others twice. And of all the teams on the Notre Dame schedule, only three — Illinois, Chicago, and Western State of Kalamazoo — like Notre Dame, fail to take a spring training trip in the Deep South during Easter vacation.

Indeed Notre Dame, Chicago and Illinois, are the only large universities in the Middle West that do not send their teams on such a trip. The big objections, of course, are the possibility of missing classes, and the expense. We were told at the Northwestern game last Saturday that the Wildcats had squeezed six good games into eight days of travelling; therefore we feel that the Irish could compress 4 or 5 games into their shorter six- or seven-day vacation without missing any classes at all. As for expense, we believe that the publicity a Notre Dame team would acquire travelling through the Louisiana-Mississippi-Alabama section, from which Notre Dame does not draw many students, would be of much greater value than the money expended on such a trip.

Coach Clarence "Jake" Kline's sixth season opened successfully with his sixth straight triumph over Illi-

nois. This, "Jake" says, is only due to the law of averages working at last in his favor. For in his student days, the Irish nines he played on were never able to trim the Illini.

Quite the wildest game the Irish have played since "Jake" became coach of baseball in 1934 was the one against Ohio State (the only member of the Big Ten not on this year's schedule) at Columbus in 1935. The Irish were on a road trip, and were to play Toledo on a Friday, then Ohio State on Saturday. Friday it rained. A big celebration had been planned by the Toledo Notre Dame Club, so Coach Kline kindly agreed to hurry back to play Toledo Saturday night, after the game at Columbus, that all the elaborate preparations might not be wasted.

The Irish scored twice against the Buckeyes early in the game, then had a big seven-run outburst in the sixth inning. With the score 9-0, Coach Kline told his boys to hustle along and finish things up, not wasting any time on the field, so that they might get an early start for Toledo. In the last of the eighth a few Buckeyes got on base, the right fielder whacked a triple, and the score became 9-4. Still leading by five runs, the Irish came to the last of the ninth, thinking about that early start for Toledo. Pitcher Beach got a little careless and a little wild, and Ohio began to score. He got one man out, then Pitcher Toumey came in and got another man out. With the bases full and four runs in, Pitcher Thernes took the mound. One, two, three, four balls; the score, 9-9. One, two, three, four balls; Ohio's ball game, 10-9!

The Irish got to Toledo about eight o'clock that night, and managed to win under the lights—"Jake" didn't remember the score or many of the details. But he never has forgotten what happened at Columbus in the afternoon. . . .

Tippy Dye played shortstop that day for Ohio, while Andy Pilney, Wally Fromhart and Frank Gaul played left field, third base, and catcher for the Irish. All four men met again in the fall, when the Notre Dame football team rather reversed things. . . .

The other day we had a chance to look at the complete script of the Monogram Absurdities, the annual Monogram Club show, which is being presented this year on May 7th, 8th, and 9th—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. (Continued on Page 18)

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4th Week's Contest ends Apr. 29
Final Contest ends May 6

SPRING FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 14)

Some of the latest practices have impressed on-lookers with the fact that next year's Notre Dame team will be extremely pass-conscious—whatever that means. Hours have been spent this spring in developing a passing offensive, and a great many sharp and accurate passers have turned up. If correspondingly efficient receivers can be discovered, it is likely that 1939 opponents will see a more prominent aerial display in the Notre Dame stadium. This phenomenon indicates no inefficiency in the current Irish running attack—it is merely an attempt to take advantage of the abilities now apparent in this year's squad. If the passing attack should develop into a threatening weapon, it will naturally enhance the running threat of such backs as Sheridan, Peipul, Saggau, Thesing, et al. It's the old army game, boys, and I'm not referring to the Hudson River branch.

Alumni Senior Banquet

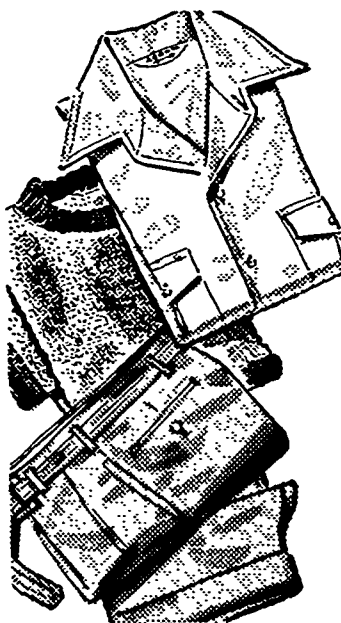
The second annual senior banquet given by the University in cooperation with the Alumni Association will be held on Tuesday, May 16. The banquet for the class was substituted last year for the former custom of uniting the graduates and the returning alumni in the Alumni Banquet at Commencement. The present plan releases the graduating class for the

Commencement week-end when the program is already crowded, and permits the Alumni Banquet to feature a program with many details already familiar to the Seniors.

A meeting of the board of directors of the Alumni Association will be held in conjunction with the date of the banquet, and a distinguished alumnus will be selected to supplement a brief speaking program featuring the University administration, class, and faculty representatives.



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SPLINTERS*(Continued from Page 16)*

day night right after the Senior Ball. And we are now very anxious to see the whole production on the stage. We got the impression that it was about as crazy as "Hellzapoppin'," the current Broadway hit. It is a seven-scene affair, written by Ed Fulham, Journalism junior, and has a definitely unifying plot, unlike the Monogram shows of the last few years, which have been rather of the vaudevillian type. We are going to see it, fully expecting lots of fun.

What significance are we to draw from this? On big league baseball's opening day, the Yankees were prevented by rain from playing the Boston Red Sox in their stadium on the banks of the Harlem. Yet a mere ten miles or so to the south, within smelling distance of the old Gowanus, Brooklyn's Dodgers were able to play the Giants at Ebbetts Field.

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All those desiring to enter the Annual Breen Contest for Oratory or the Freshman Oratorical Contest are requested to hand in their names to some member of the Department of Speech on or before Tuesday, April 25

The Breen Contest is open to any undergraduate (including freshmen) who has not received credit for eight semesters of college work. The Freshman Contest is open only to freshmen. The winner of the Freshman Contest is awarded ten dollars in cash.

In both contests speeches must be original and must not exceed 10 minutes in length.

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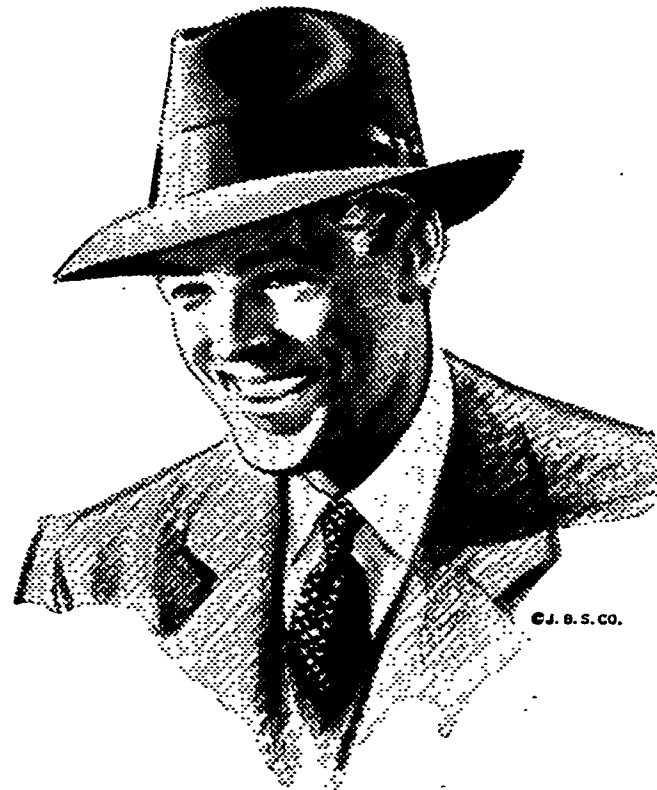
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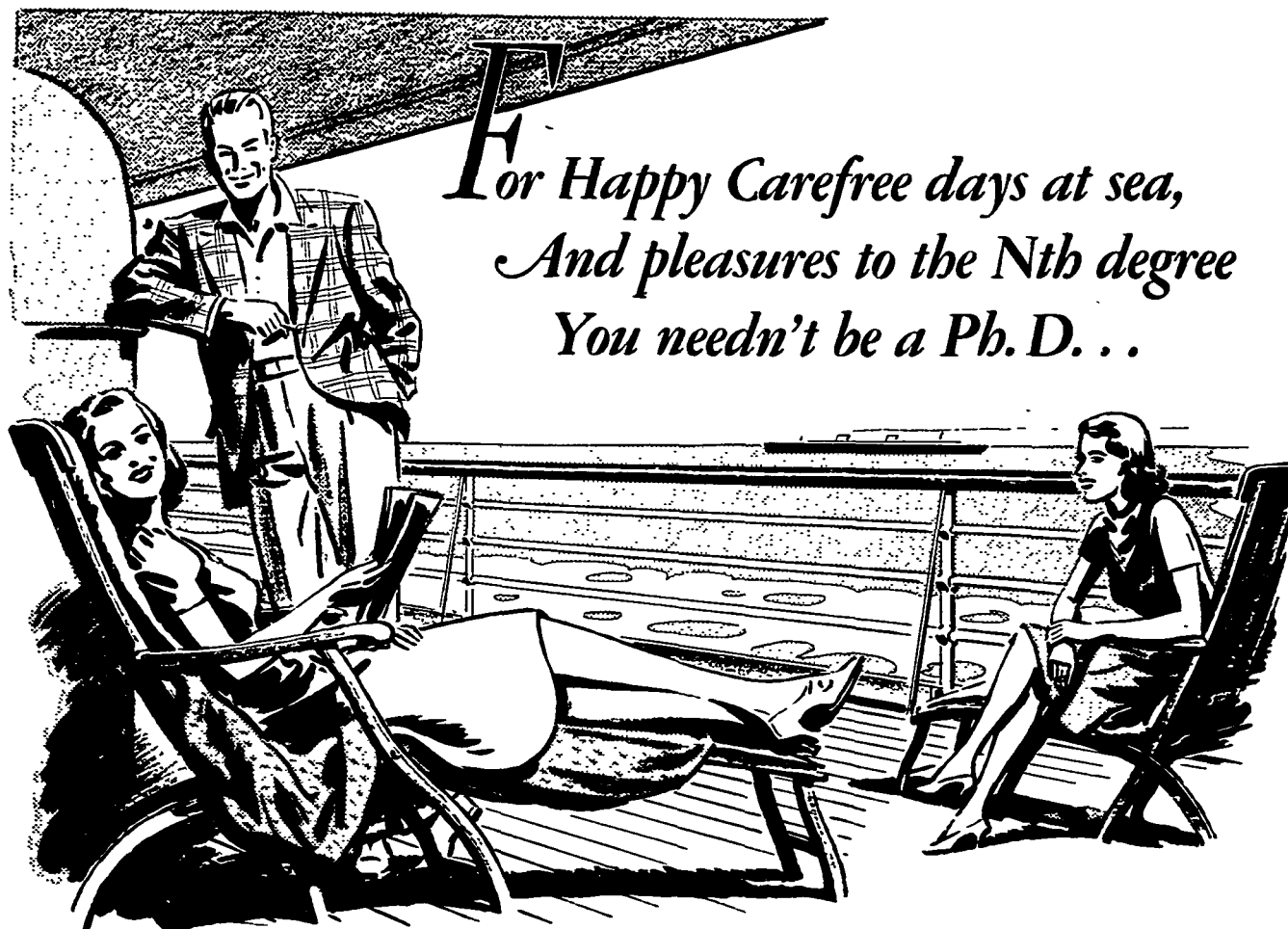


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NEW REMEDY (Continued from Page 11)

Here is a newspaper with a story in it about you."

Harry started to read what the nurse had pointed out to him, but his eye was caught by a small headline that read, "ACCUSED MURDERER RELEASED." The story said Charleston police had released Charlie Garst, held for murder, after he had produced an alibi exonerating him from implication in the Charleston jeweler murder and had explained sufficiently his possession of the jewelry.

Suddenly a surge of relief raced through him. Charlie was safe; they were both free. The doctors said he would live. He realized in a flash that there was nothing to stop him from living. Now he wanted to live. Funny how things go along and then change in an instant. Suddenly he became rigid. No! He hadn't!

"Nurse!" he yelled.

Mr. Lehman—you..."

"Nurse, give me my coat!"

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Lehman. Here's your coat. The doctors are..."

"Where—where is the letter that was in my pocket?"

"Why, Mr. Lehman, you wanted it mailed."

"Did you—did you mail it?" He barely whispered the words.

"Why—why, yes. Four days ago."

His head dropped back and he slumped down in bed. The letter had been addressed to the District Attorney at Charleston and contained Harry's complete confession of all his burglaries and of the murder of the Charleston jeweler.

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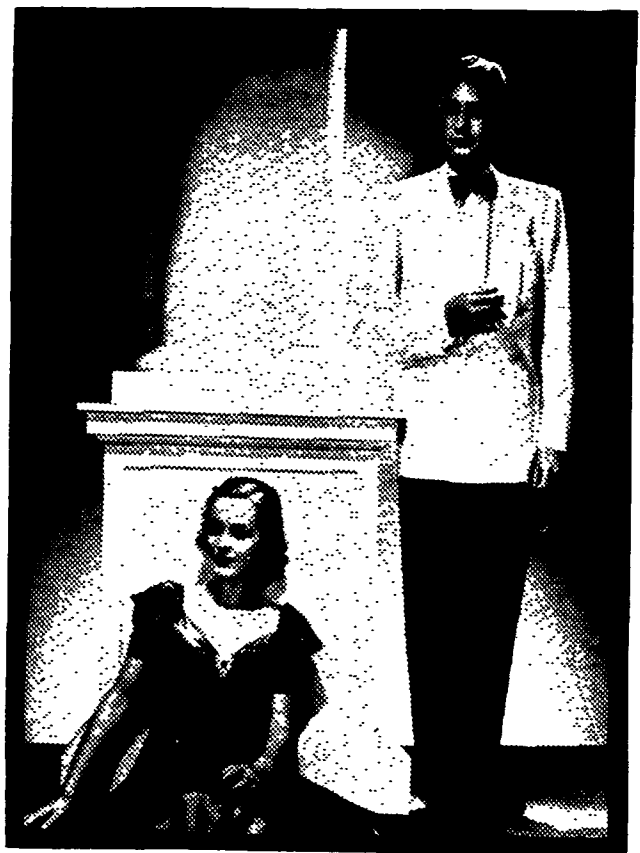
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ORATORICAL CONTEST

(Continued from Page 3)

Jerome O'Dowd is general chairman of the contest. Members of the Wranglers will aid in judging the eliminations. Judges for the finals will be Rev. Charles A. Lee, C.S.C., Professor William J. Coyne, coach of varsity debate and member of the Department of Speech, and William P. Mahoney, president of the Wranglers.

Contestants will be banqueted by the Wranglers in the Lay Faculty Dining Hall at 7:00 p.m. Saturday evening. Dr. Francis E. McMahon, of the Department of Philosophy will be the principal speaker. Toastmaster is Frank Parks, prominent senior Wrangler, and chairman of last year's contest.

Of interest is the fact that some

of the participants in each year's contest have become prominent Notre Dame students. Chairman O'Dowd won the contest in 1935, while Tom Tierney, last year's winner, is a member of the Class of 1942.

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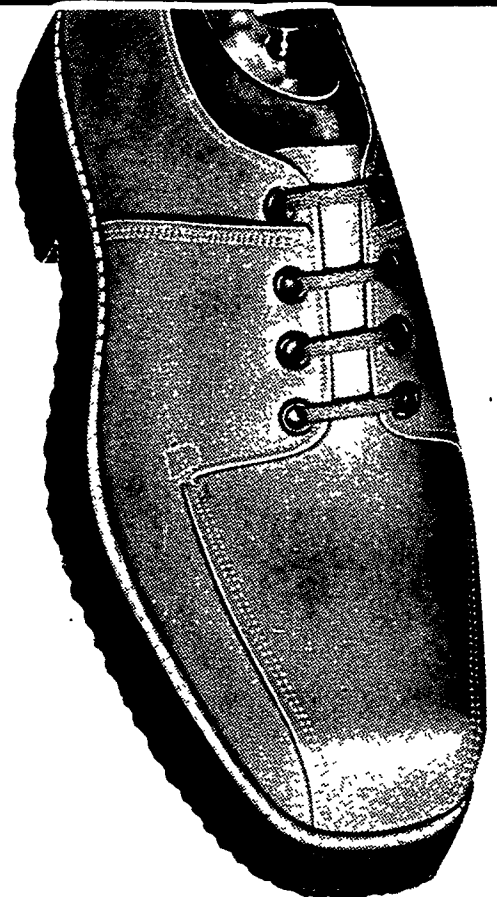
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Join the squad that is marching into our South Bend store. Scout the popular Skibo style—the latest thing for campus and class, only \$3.50. In the Custom-Grade line, the Douglas Wingate is making a big hit. You'll find your style at your price. Varsity Quality and Value. Call Carmi Belmont—our campus representative—at 1020 N. Francis Street.

Douglas Shoes
\$5.95 \$4.50 \$3.50

**W. L. DOUGLAS STORE
in South Bend**

210 South Michigan Street
OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

NO BREAKING IN NEEDED

with *Frank* MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

MEDICO'S patented filter, combining 66 Baffle interior and cellophane exterior, is greatest scientific smoking invention ever known. It traps nicotine, juices and flakes; and breaks up hot smoke stream, resulting in cool, "broken-in"

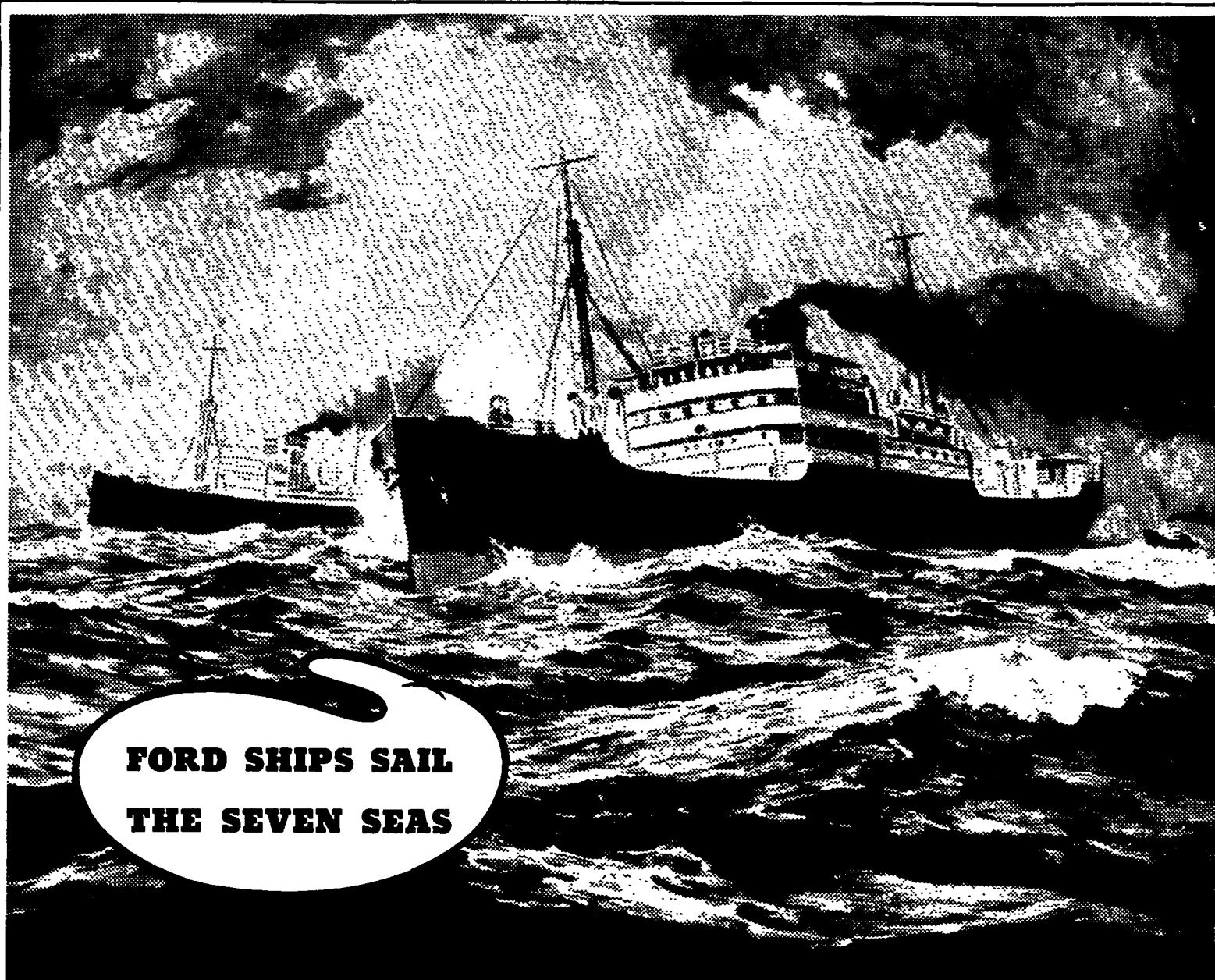


Filtered Smoking in Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.



\$1 NEWEST SHAPES
FINEST BRIAR
MONEY CAN BUY

GENUINE FILTERS
FOR MEDICO PIPES
PACKED ONLY IN THIS
RED & BLACK BOX



S. S. East Indian and Lake Ormoc of the Ford Fleet

DOWN to the sea in Ford ships go millions of tons of shipping. The Ford docks berth one of the largest industrial fleets in the world.

There are 29 Ford ships in all, including seven seagoing craft, the two largest motorships on the Great Lakes, barges, tugs and canal boats. They are kept busy bringing raw materials to Ford plants, or carrying parts of assembled cars outward-bound.

Ford production methods eliminate all extra handling or storage of material and parts. Waste motion is waste money. Useless storage takes time, space, and ties up capital.

So, parts and materials flow in a steady, unstopping stream to and from the great Ford plant on the banks of the River Rouge. Iron ore—much of it dug from Ford mines—and coal from Ford mines—come to the Rouge in Ford ships.

Ore that reaches the plant Monday morning may emerge about 28 hours later—or Tuesday noon—as part of a finished car. In its progress from earth to automobile it has been constantly under way and under control.

Ford efficiency begins at the beginning. In the end, the sum of these savings is passed along to buyers of Ford cars and trucks—in the form of lower price and higher value.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

MR. PAUL BYRNE,
LIBRARY,
NOTRE DAME, IND.

"Yes Sir.. Chesterfield Time is Pleasure Time —everywhere

...as our band travels around the
country I find that Chesterfield is the
ALL-AMERICAN CHOICE for more
smoking pleasure!"

It's a fact . . . millions from coast to coast are
turning to Chesterfields for what they want in a
cigarette. They find Chesterfields have a *better
taste* and a *more pleasing aroma*. Chesterfields
show them what *real mildness* means in a cigarette.

*When you try them you'll
know why Chesterfields give
men and women everywhere
more smoking pleasure—why
Chesterfields SATISFY*

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buying Chesterfields at
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every Wednesday night
All C. B. S. Stations



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... they're **MILDER** and **TASTE BETTER**

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